

A most Delightful, *vnj* *1071*

# HISTORY

Of the Famous

*Clothier of England,*

CALLED,

JACK of NEWBERY,

In the days of King *Henry* the Eighth ; how  
he was beloved of his Mistris above all  
her Wealthier Sutors : what great and  
valiant things he did for *England* :  
and the great number of poor  
he daily cherished :

And how (when the King sent for him) he  
refused (with his company) to leave the  
Hill of Ants to go to the King : and  
therefore the King went to him :  
which he wittily excused :  
with many other very  
pleasant passages.

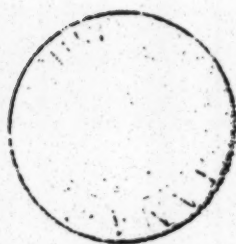
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Written by *W. F. C.*

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Printed for *W. Thackeray*, at the Sign of the  
Angel in Duck-Lane.

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THE MOST  
 Delightful History  
 OF  
*Jack of Newberry.*



**I**n the Reign of King Henry the Eighth, one John Winchcomb, being an Apprentice to a rich Clothier in the town of Newberry in Barkshire, a pretty handsome youth, his Father dyed, and left his Mistress a Widow; who perceiv'ing Jack to be a faithful, careful, and trusty Servant, she put him in great trust in the House; who as carefully performed the trust reposed in him.

His Mistress having many Suitors coming to her, could not fancy any: for her Heart John had stolln away her heart. The Parson of Spinhome-land woo'd her, and often solicited with her to make her his Wife, but could not obtain her love, because he was a Clergy-man; too much (she thought) devoted to his Study. A rich Tanner was a second Wooer, but could not speed; for

though he was rich, yet was he too Old for  
 her young and lusty desires. A Tayloz was a  
 third man, who was almost confident of her  
 love; but all in vain, for her man John, oh!  
 he was the man that had so wounded her heart  
 that she could love no other man.

She seeing the backwardness of John, her  
 man (after many occasions which she gave  
 him to wooe her) came at last, and told him  
 plainly that she loved him, which secret she did  
 earnestly desire him not to impart to any: but  
 he very modestly blushing with a Rose colour  
 in his Cheeks, not knowing how to express  
 himself as he desired, being astonished herewith,  
 answered: Sweet Mistris (quoth he) I am but  
 a Child to undertake so great a thing, it is  
 a charge, the discharge whereof methinks I  
 fear to undertake: At which answer, she was  
 somewhat discouraged in her sute for the pre-  
 sent, and kissing of him, brake off discourse  
 for that time; and night approaching, she went  
 to Bed, but took but little rest; but either  
 murthering (at the best) or Dreaming of her  
 pretty Man John. She was so troubled, as  
 if she had been wounded in a Prison, and with  
 many Cogitations of her Beloved, fetched  
 many deep sighs in that dolesom and dark  
 night:

night: thinking it long e're morning came,  
rejoycing to see the light appear; more to  
embrace her dear Servant, or rather her Ma-  
ster, John.

She going to see Bartholomew-fair, as  
Women use to do, to see and be seen, took her  
man John with her; who whilst she was talk-  
ing with a friend, espied him saluting a pretty  
Maid, which made her own mouth water; and  
biting her Lips, she left discoursing with her  
Neighbor to go to John, to prevent his further  
familiarity with the Maid.

Afterwards she met with the Taylor her  
Sweet-heart, so near as could be, in the  
fair; who desiring her to drink a Cup of  
Wine with him, was denied again and again,  
but by importunity she was perswaded; and  
he espying the Tanner, called him into the  
Tabern to them, to help to bear their Charges;  
little imagining that he was a Suitor to the  
same Widow; and both of them espying  
the Parson go by, called him in, expecting  
to make him their Solicitor; thus were they  
all meerly drawn into Cupid's Paradise:  
but when each had discovered their loves  
to other, they were all exceedingly perplexed,  
not knowing how this Distraction might  
be ended: At last, it was desired of the

Widows which of them she loved best : and she answered, that she loved them all ; and gave them thanks for their charges ; but (quoth the Parson) can you find in your heart to Marry me ? It is your Office to Marry, quoth she, and not mine. Then (quoth the Tanner) will you make me your Husband ? Truly Neighbour, quoth she, methinks you might better be my Father, you are of great Years to Marry such a young Widow as I am. Then (quoth the Taylor) Widow, it is I that must enjoy you ; shall you and I be Married ? Yes, I hope so (quoth the Widow) when we and our Sweet-hearts are agreed : So desiring to take her leave of them, giving them thanks for their costs they spent on her, she arose up to go away ; but they desiring a full answer from her, desired her to give them better satisfaction to their Requests. If (quoth she) you will come to my House on Thursday, I will give you full satisfaction : at which time they all came ; and she told them all then plainly, that she would marry none of them, for she had one nearer home, whom she loved so well, that she could not marry any other man ; so they went all away very sad and discontented.

Night approaching, she talked privately  
with

with her Man John, wooing him to marry her; which he still through bashfulness refused: And when night approached, she caused a special bed to be made for her man John to lie in; which bed was onely for special strangers to lie in, or for her Husband when he was not well: and she lay her self in the next Chamber to him, which she locked up, and kept the Key thereof her self.

But when she had lain in Bed an hour or two, she began to think it very long to lye alone; so she arose out of her bed, and went to her man John, shivering and shaking, and lifting up his bed-cloaths, he started; Who is there, quoth he? It is I my sweet John, quoth she, I am your Mistress; it is an extreme cold Night, and I, lying alone, am almost starved in my Bed: Good John, afford me the favour of one Nights lodging by thy side, my John, I pray thee. Alas poor Mistress, quoth he, come, come lye close: Wea, wea, quoth she, O sweet and good John; but here I leave them till the next morning.

She got up very early in the morning, and calling for John her man to go abroad with her, she took him to the Church of Saint Bar-



tholomews ; and calling for the Wife of the place, she, with him, perswaded John that they might then be married together ; which with small intreaty he was perswaded to , and so they returned home ; and when they went to dinner, she made him to sit in her old husbands Chair by her self at the end of the Table, at which his old fellow servants began to smile ; and before Dinner was ended , she took him about the neck and kissed him , and told her Servants that he was her Husband, and commanded them to give him the respects due to a Master.

He also spake lovingly to them , and told them , that he would not forget that he was once their Fellow-Servant, but would deserve their respects to the uttermost of his endeavour. Thus they spent the day in loving Toppings, only some oversight of the Work-men withal, and at night they went to Bed.

This new-married Wife was the next morning visited by divers Gossips of her acquaintance , that heard of the Wedding, who spent each of them their verdict , what the event of this her hasty Match would be ; which Gossips did exceedingly discourage her. Oh ! but ( quoth she ) I will take an Order  
for



for that. for I will curb him at the first, that I will make sure that he shall never crow over me, I warrant you.

And indeed she began to grow as great a Gossip as any was in Newberry, and would sometimes come home very late at night; in-  
somuch, that at last her Husband John went to bed, and locked her out, and took the Key up into his own Chamber; and when the good wife saw that she was shut out of doores, she knocked very hard, till at last her Husband looked out at the window, and bad her to go look her lodging at night, where she had been sitting all day: Such Gossips (quoth he) as you, the Cage is the fittest Lodging for, go to the Constable, and bespeak a bed of him.

Oh! dear Husband, quoth she, be not so angry, I pray you; give me leave to come into my Bed, good sweet Husband, I pray you, and let me not stand thus in the cold, lest I lose my life thereby: After many fine words wherewith she had intreated her Husband to come down and open the dooz, he came down to her, and let her in; to whom she dissemblingly pretended to have lost her Wedding-Ring from off her hand, who lovingly going forth with the Candle in his hand (in his shirt) looked up and down upon the

the goound for it : and she the mean time stepping in, clapped to the dooz, and shut him out ; whereat he was much perplexed, and knocked a long time in the cold befoze she would answer, who at last opening the Windows, had him go look a Lodging wih his Constables Wife ; and asked him whether he thought it good to lye in the cold in the Street : Now (quoth she) she who was even now at your mercy, hath gotten you at hers. Oh sweet Wife, quoth he, be not angry, but let me come in ; I swear unto thee, that I will never shut thee forth of doozs again, but thou shalt do what thou wilt and I will never meddle nor make wih you whatsoever you do hereafter : whereupon she came down and opened the dooz, and let him in ; and there they made great protestations each to other, never to affront or fall out one wih the other after ; and wih a good Sack-pollert the Covenant was agreed between them.

Shortly after the King was to raise an Army of Souldiers against the Scots, who was risen against the English ; and Jack of Newberry raised at his own charges an hundred and fifty men, and allowed white Coats red Caps, and yellow Feathers ; and led them

them himself: fifty of them were valiant  
 Horsemen; fifty Pikes, and fifty Musque-  
 tiers; all brave Steeds, good Arms, and va-  
 liant men; who marching by before the  
 Queen, Queen Katherine, she called for him,  
 and understanding what he was, after she had  
 put forth her hand for him to kiss, she promi-  
 sed to acquaint the King's Majesty with his  
 fire and great service.

*A Song used by Jack of Newberry and  
 his Souldiers:*

**K**ing Jamy of Scots had raised  
 an Army against *England*;  
 But let him come, we'll thunder him back,  
 he cannot us withstand.

*Jack of Newberry* comes proud Scots take heed  
 with valiant Souldiers stout;  
 Who for brave *England* will fight with you,  
 and never will give out.

Our milk-white Coats, red Caps,  
 and yellow Feathers declare,  
 Our Resolution's stout and good,  
 there Scots will not spare.

*Shortly*

Shortly after Jack of Newberry heard that the King was to ride by Newberry, so he with his Servants went out into the field, and finding an Hill of Dismires, dyed his sword and guarded it; and the King coming by, sent for him to know the reason why he guarded that place with his sword dyed, the King in person being to pass by there? who returned answer, That he was hulle, and could not speak with him; and the King is on Horse-back, and I am on foot, therefore (quoth he) he may the better come to me. Tell the King, that I stand here to guard the laborious Ants from their Enemies: which Message being brought to the King, he went to Jack of Newberry, expecting that it was done to make some jest for his pleasure: and when the King came, Jack. with all his men, fell on their knees, and cryed, God save the King; your Sacred Majesty (quoth he) hath banquished all mine Enemies. Now trust me, quoth the King, you are stout Souldiers to fight against Butterflies, and withstand such mighty Gyants.

My dread Sobecaign, quoth Jack of Newberry, not long ago, in my conceit, I saw the most provident Ration of the Ants, summoned

moned these chief Peers to a Parliament, which was held in the famous City of Driedustie, the one and thirties day of September; whereas by their Wisdoms I was chosen their King; at what time also many Bills of complaint were brought in against divers ill Members in the Common-Weale, amongst whom the Wole was attainted of High-treason to their State, and therefore was banished forever from their quiet Kingdom; so was the Grasshopper and Caterpillar, because they were not only idle, but also lived upon the labours of other Men: Amongst the rest, the Butterflie was very much disliked, but few durst say any thing to him, because of his Golden Apparel; who, through sufference, grew so ambitious and malapart, that the poor Ant could no sooner get an Egg into her Nest, but he would have it away, especially against Easter which at length was disliked.

This painted Als took snuff in the nose, and assembled a great many other of his own Coat, by windy Wars to root these painful people out of the Land, that he himself might be above them. These were proud Butterflies, quoth the King.

Whereupon, I, with my men, quoth Jack, prepared our selves to withstand them, till such time

time as your Majesties Royal presence put  
them to flight.

*The Song which Jack Sung with his Men  
before the KING.*

**I** Have taken upon me a charge,  
to govern these poor Ants;  
That they may walk at large,  
to gather in their wants;

That they may walk mo safe,  
to bring home their relief,  
And keep that which they have;  
from every idle Thief.

But now my King is here,  
I bow down low my knee,  
For we that vaunted here,  
are Subjects unto thee.

God blefs thee Royal King,  
and send thee long to Reign;  
And joy in every thing,  
and freedom from all pain.

I, and my men, and mine,  
my Ants, and all we have;

Command



Command us, we are thine,  
and so the King God save,

Men

Now to return again to Jack and his  
Wife, it tell our that she fell sick and dyed ;  
and being buried, Jack fell in love with one  
of his Maids : and sending for her Father,  
to know what he would give with his Daugh-  
ter : he came to Newberry, and seeing the  
loyalty of his Daughters Sweet-heart, and  
Master, he was astonished : for Jack had,  
viz.

In one Room two hundred Loom all going.  
Two hundred Boys making Quills.

A hundred Women Carding.

Two hundred Maids in another Room Spin-  
ning.

An hundred and fifty Boys picking of Wool.  
Fifty Shiermen.

Eight Rowers.

Fourty Dyers in the Dye-house.

Twenty men in a Fulling-Mill.

Ten fat Oxen he spent every week in his  
house, besides Butter, Cheese, Fish, &c.

A Butcher

A Baker

A Brewer

} for his own house.

and

Five

Five Cooks.

Six Scullion-Boys.

Divers Turn-spits, &c.

Sir, (quoth the old man) I wis the zee you be bomitable Rich, and cham content you shall have my Daughter, and God's Blessing and mine light on you both. I vaith cham but a poor man, but I thong God cham of good exclamation among my Neighbours, and they will as zoon take my vice for any thing as a richer mans: thick I will bestow you shall have with a very good will, because che hear very good commendation of you in every place; therefore thick give you twenty Nobles, and a weaning Calf, and when I dye, and my Wife; you shall have the Revelation of my Goods.

But Jack made moze reckoning of the Old-man's modesty, and virtues, than of his Father's proffer; and he married her, and made a great Wedding; and instead of receiving the old mans Dowrie, he gave him twenty pounds in money; besides other good gifts.

Oh my good Zon! quoth the old man, Christs benizon be with thee evermore; For to tell thee true, we had zold all our  
Kine

Kine to make money for my Daughters marriage, and this zeven year we should not have been able to buy any more. Notwithstanding we should have zold all that ever we had, before my poor wench should have lost her marriage : I should have zold my Coat from my back, and my Bed from under me, before my Daughter should have gone without you. I thank you good Father and Mother (quoth the Bride) and I pray God long to keep you in health : then the Bride kneeling down, did her duty to her Parents ; who weeping for very joy, departed.

Now there was one Randal Pert, a Diaper, dwelling in Watling-street, who owed to Jack of Newberry fife hundred pounds ; and it happened that Jack came up to London ; and as he went to his Customers, he met in the street this Randal Pert in a frock, carrying a Porter's Basket, and an old ragged Doublet, and a toyn pair of Breeches, with his Hole out at heels, and a pair of old broken Slip-shoes on his feet, a Rope about his middle, and a greasie Cap on his head, and newly come out of Prison.

Now was his Wife, who before for daintiness would not soul her fingers, nor turn her head aside for fear of rumpling her Petticoat.

finger, yet now glad to go about and wash Bucks at the Thames side, and to be a chare-woman; her soft hand was now hardened with scouring, and instead of Gold Rings upon her Lilly white fingers, her hands and fingers were now filled with chaps.

But when her husband espyed Jack of Newberry his Creditor, he ran away as fast as he could, for fear of being arrested: but he sent his man after him; who seeing one pursue him, he ran the faster; and in running, here he lost one of his slip-shoes, and there another, ever looking behind him with great fear: At last his Breeches being tyed but with one point, that with the haste he made, and the oldness thereof, brake, and his Breeches fell about his heels, and did so shackle him, that he fell down all along in the Street with his Arse bare, and an old ragged Shirt, he lay sweating and blowing, being quite worn out of breath; to whom the fellow came, and brought him to his Master, who took him to a Scrivener, to give him Bond for the payment of the money; and the time of the payment of the money was to be paid when the late Pert was Sheriff of London, a thing very unlikely.

Well, the Scrivener made the Bond, to be

he paid when Randal Pert was Sheriff of London, and thereunto set his hand for a witness, and twenty persons more that stood by.

And Jack of Newberry sent for a new suit of Apparel for him out of Birchen-Lane, and a new Shirt, and Band. Hat, Hose, Shoes, and all things necessary, Merchant-like; then he took for him a Shop in Canwick-street, and furnished the same Shop with a thousand pounds worth of Cloth, by which means, and other labours which he did for him, he grew in good credit again, and became very provident; and his Wife turned to be the best Housewife in the Parish; and he soon got good custom, and was very provident, and increased in wealth, so that in short time became one of the best men for wealth in the Parish; and there was so much notice taken of him, that he was chosen Sheriff of London, and paid the five hundred pounds every penny; and kept a brave House in his Shrievalty, and afterwards being an Alderman of London, dyed before he came to be Lord Mayor, and left his Wife a great Estate.

Jack of Newberry, otherwise called Master John Winchcomb. being grown very old, he fell sick, and after few days he dyed; and

his Wife buried him in great Pomp: and he left his Wife a great Estate, and many Legacies to Friends, and to many poor people were left by him; and to his Burial come the greatest part of the Country all thereabouts, to see the good old man laid in his Grave, where we will leave him with this Epitaph.

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Epitaph.

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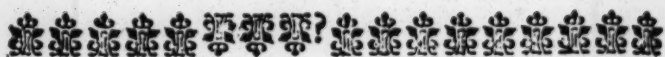


## EPITAPH.

**O**F Newberry here lies valiant Jack,  
 shrowded in white, come to his end  
 By Death that now hath broken his back,  
 who to his Country was a Friend;  
 An aid to those that labour lov'd,  
 an help to poor, both blind and lame,  
 Men, Women, Children, all have prov'd  
 the succour sweet that from him came.  
 Winchcomb adieu, God hath thy Soul,  
 thy Body lies inclosed in earth,  
 Thy Works brave Histories do Enroll,  
 thy Life, thy Fame, ev'n from thy birth.

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F I N I S.



**These Books following are**  
to be Sold by *William Thackeray*, at  
the *Angel* in *Duck-Lane*, near *West-*  
*Smithfield*.

**T**He famous History of the *Gent'e Crafts*.  
The Book of Knowledge, of things un-  
known: the old and best sort.  
The History of *Thomas* of *Reading*.  
The History of the Golden Eagle.  
The History of the *Jews*, a small one.  
The Book of Merry Riddles.  
Variety of Riddles and Songs.  
*Corydons* Compliments.  
*Robin* the Cobl'r.  
*With all sorts of Histories New or Old.*

*There is also to be had these Books*  
*of Divinity.*

**F***enner's* Sermon of Repentance.  
A Sermon of *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

**A Warning-piece for the Slothful.**

*These three are not above Three-pence a piece.*

**The Godly Mans Gain, and Wicked Mans Woe.**

**Sinners Sobs.**

**The Christians Guide.**

*These three last are but Two-pence a piece.*

**There is also two Excellent Tables : One called, *Chriſtus Natus Eſt*, of the Birth Christ.**

**The other, A Watch for a Wiſe Mans Obſervation: very good, pretty, and delightful things.**

**F I N I S.**